COLIC

Mr. Thimblefinger and Mr. Rabbit.

New Stories of Mrs. Mendows and Her Queer Friends -- The Butting Cow and the Hitting Stick.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Joel Chandler Harris.) "I hope that isn't the end of the story," remarked Buster John.

"Well," replied Mr. Rabbit, "we can either end it off here, or we can carry it on for weeks and weeks." "Speak for yourself." said Mrs. Meadows, "or, if you want to, you can tell the rest of the story yourself. No doubt you can

tell it a great deal better than I can." "Now you'll have to excuse me," remarked Mr. Rabbit. "I thought maybe you were getting tired and wanted to rest. Go on with the tale. I'm getting old and trembly in the

limbs, but I can stand it if the rest can." "Well," said Mrs. Meadows, turning to Buster John and Sweetest Susan, "the children were very much worried over the loss of the coal-black sheep and the snow-white goat, and they made up their minds to try and get them back. The boy said he would go and ask Uncle Rain's advice, and the girl said she would visit Brother Drouth once more. So they started on their journey, one

going east and the other going south.
"They met with no adventure, by the way, and, having traveled the road once, they were not long in coming to the end of their jour-ney. The boy found Uncle Rain at home and told him all about the loss of his beautiful black sheep. Uncle Rain grunted at the black sheep. Uncle Rain grunted at the news, and looked very solemn.
"That's about the way I thought it would the looked with the looked a mighty strong-minded

be, said he. It takes a mighty strong-minded person to stand prosperity. But you needn't be afraid. Your sheep is not lost. The men who have stolen him can stand great pros-

"The merchants with the white goat reached the tavern first. But they had hardly refreshed themselves when the tavern keeper came running in and told them that the other merchants were coming.
"Then take our white goat and hide it in

your stable, they say,
"The landlord did as he was bid, and then, meeting the merchants with the black sheep, he told them that their companions of the morning had also returned.

"Then take our black sheep and hide it in your stable," they said. This the landlord quickly did, and returned to the tavern in time to hear the merchants greet each other. "'What are you doing here?' asked the

black sheep merchants.
"'We have lost our white goat,' they replied, 'and have come here to hunt it. Why

have you returned?"

"'We have come on the same errand,' said the others, 'we have lost our black sheep, and have returned to find it.'

"Now the tavern keeper was not a very emart man, but he had no lack of shrewdness

and cunning. He had heard the merchants wrangling and quarreling over the black sheep and the white goat, and now he saw sheep and the white goat, and now he saw them coming back, pretending to be hunting for both the animals, though neither one was lost. He had sense enough to see that there must be something very valuable about the black sheep and the white goat, and so, while the merchants were taking their refreshments, each party eyeing the other with suspicion, the tavern keeper slipped out into his stable and carried the black sheep and the white goat to an outhouse out of sight and hearing of the hotel. "As for the merchants, they were in a

pickle. Neither party wanted to go away

"WHERE'S OUR GOAT?"

"Uncle rain went out into his barnyard, and the boy followed him. He went to a stall where a black cow was tied. 'This,' said he, is the butting cow. You are to take her with you. She will allow no one to come near her but you, and when you give her the word she will run over and knock down who-ever and whatever is in sight. She knows the black sheep, too, for they have long been in the barn together. When she begins to low the black sheep will bleat, and in that way you may know when you have found it. More than that the cow will give you the most beautiful golden butter that ever was

"Uncle Rain untied the cow, placed the end of the rope in the boy's hand and bade him good by. The boy went back the way he came, the cow following closely and seeming to be eager to go with him.
"The girl who had taken the road to

Brother Drouth's house arrived there safely and told her trouble. Brother Drouth said he was very sorry about it, but as it was not a thing to weep over he didn't propose

to shed any tears.

"'What's done,' he said, 'can't be undone; but I'll see that it's not done over again.' He went to a corner of the room, picked up a walking-stick and gave it to the little girl. 'We have here,' he said, 'a walking stick. It is called the hitting-stick. Whenever you are in danger, or whenever you want to munish your enemies, you have only to say: the tay It is called the hitting-stick. Whenever you are in danger, or whenever you want to punish your enemies, you have only to say: Hit, stick! Stick, hit! and neither one man nor a hundred can stand up against it. It is not too heavy for you to carry, but if your hands grow tired of carreia. before you, or by your side, just as you

Then Brother Drouth bade the girl goodby, and she went on her way, sometimes carrying the hitting stick and sometimes making it jump along the road before her.
"Now, then, while all this was going or the greedy merchants found themselves in a fix. When they first got hold of the coal-black

sheep and the snow-white goat, they thought that they had had a good deal of trouble for nothing. But merchants—especially the merchants of those days, when there was not as much trade as there is now-had very sharp eyes, and it was not long before they found the springs under the horns of the sheep and the goat. Having found the treasure, they remembered that the man had speni more money in two days than the horns of the animals would hold, and this led them to discover that the horns were always full of

'For a little while they were very happy and congratulated one another many times over. But in the midst of their enjoyment the thought came to them that there mus be a division of this treasure. The moment the subject was broached the wrangle began chants and the great question was how to There were more than a dozen of these mer-divide the treasure so that each might have an equal share. Though they took millions from the horns of the black sheep and the

white goat, yet whoever had the animals would still have the most.
"It was a mighty serious question. They "It was a mighty serious question. They argued, they reasoned, they disputed and they wrangled, and once or twice they came near having a pitched battle. But finally, after many days, it was decided that one party of merchants should have the black there are the should have the black."

"There was more noise than sense to this party of merchants should have the black sheep and that another party should have the white goat. This didn't satisfy all of them, but it was the best that could be done, and so they separated, the party with the white goat going south, and the party with the black sheep going south, and the party with the black sheep going sast.

Sheep! Goat!

"There was more noise than sense to this rippit. There was so much noise that it aroused the whole neighborhood, and the people of the village came running in to see what the trouble was. Among them was the mayor, and he succeeded in quieting the running to the party with the black sheep going sast.

white goat going south, and the party with the black sheep going east.

"Now a very curious thing happened. If either party had kept on traveling it would have met the boy or the girl—one with the butting cow and the other with the hitting like crazy people. have met the boy or the girl—one with the butting cow and the other with the hitting stick. But both parties were disastisfied, and they had gone but a little way before they stoped, and after some talk, determined to go back. The merchants with the white goat at that had the b ack sheep and secure the animal by fair means or foul. The merchants with the black sheep determined to follow on after the merchants with the black sheep determined to follow on after the merchants with the black sheep determined to follow on after the merchants with the black sheep and secure the animal by fair means or foul. The merchants with the white goat and buy the merchants with the white goat and buy the merchants with the white goat and buy they were acting like crazy people.

"Because this man has robbed us,' they were skeeper, with the goat is."

"Because this man has robbed us,' they cried, pointing to the tavern keeper, with the disck sheep and a white goat!" they were stable robbed you? asked the merchants with the goat is."

"Because this man has robbed us,' they cried, pointing to the tavern keeper, with the details of a tortoise which dwelt in the palace garden over 200 years. The black sheep is."

"Yes!' exclaimed the boy, 'Show me where my snow-white goat is.'

"Your hand the goat is.'

"Of a black sheep and a white goat!' they were still the place garden over 200 years. The blishop's predecessor remembered it over sixty when the follow of the dollent in the palace garden over 200 years. The black sheep is.'

"Your hand the goat is."

The Order of the Golden Fleece is one of the oldest in the palace garden over 200 years, and he was the seventh bishop whose mitre had been seen by the venerable reptile.

"Your honor,' said the tavern keeper, where he had hid the animals. They were in there, safe and sound, and the children out a keeper or straying sway. Another in the place garden over 200 years. The listoper of the Golden Fleece is one of the dark the my coal-black sheep is."

"Your honor,' said the tavern keeper, wh

perity no better than your father can. They will wrangle among themselves and they will never take the sheep away from the tavern. But they shall be punished. Come with me.' the white goat party waiting for the black sheep party to go.
"'When do you leave?' says one.

"'As soon as we find our sheep. When do you leave?" says the other.

'Ouite as soon.' "There was not much satisfaction for either party in this for either side. Finally one of the merchants called the tavern keeper aside and asked him where he had put the black sheep.

"'In my stable, your bonor,' replied the "Then another merchant called the tavern

keeper aside and asked him where he had put the white goat.

"'In my stable, your honor,' he replied.
"Now, as each of these merchants went out to see that his precious animal was safe, it was perfectly natural that they should see each other slipping about in the yard and that they should meet face to face in the stable. Both made the excuse that they thought they might find their lost animals at that point and both were terribly worked up when they saw that the stable was empty. Each went back and told his companions, and pretty soon there was the biggest uproar in that house that the tavern keeper had ever

hands grow tired of carrying it, just say, to jar the roof off the house. They danced Jump, stick! and the stick will jump along around him, yelling and snaking their fists at him, but he kept his fingers in his ears, "Finally they caught hold of the man and began to pull and haul him around at a great rate. In this way they compelled him to take his fingers out of his ears, but he could hear little better, for the whole crowd was



"JUMP STICKS."

"'Hit, stick! Stick, hit!' she cried, and in an instant the stick was mauling the tavern keeper over the head and shoulders and all about the body.

"'Help! help!' shouted the tavern keeper. 'Somebody run here! Help! I'll tell you where they are! I'll show you where they

hey had lost their black sheep and had come

back to hunt it?'
"'They certainly did,' came the answer.

The boy had come up with his butting cow and seeing the merchants still in the tavern, he led her to the door, and told her to do her

"While the merchants were trying to ex-plain the cow rushed into the room with a

bellow, her tail curled over her back, and t at the men head down and horn points Tables and chairs were nothing to the

butting cow. She ran over them and through

them, and in a little white the room was cleared of the merchants, and some of them

were hurt so badly that they could scarcely

"The mayor had jumped through a window, and the village people had scattered in all directions. By this time the tavern keeper, who had remained unhurt, was laughing to himself at the fix the merchants found them-

selves in, for the butting cow was still pursuing them. But he laughed too soon.

The little girl came to the door with her

whole duty and nothing but her duty

that I was a thief. I want to ask these men prosperous. He shunned the tavern and kept a few quesions. By this time the two par-ties of merchants had ranged themselves on happiness and content to all the family. different sides of the room. The tavern keeper turned to one. 'Didn't the men over there come into this house and tell you that THE AGE OF ANIMALS. THE AGE OF ANIMALS. they had lost their white goat?

"They certainly did," was the reply.

"Then he turned to the white goat party.

'Didn't the men over there tell you that

Some of Them Remarkable for Years and Vitality. Many animals live to a surprising age, retaining their vitality so long that it is difficult for man to count their years. Of "Both parties tried to explain that they had placed their animals in charge of the tavern keeper, but while they were hemming and hawing a queer thing happened."

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correct, lasts between 300 and 400 years. The king of bearts probably prowis his native heath three-score and ten years, for even in confinement he has been known to live this period. A lion known as "Pompey" remained in the Tower of London over severenty years, and his age was unknown when captured. Another, brought from the river gambia, died at the age of 63. Leopards, bears and tigers live about twenty-five or thirty years; the camel, forty and more; the rhinoceros and hippopotamus from seventy to eighty, and the elephant certainly from 140 to 150. Ajax, the famous warrior, captured an elephant from Porus, a king of India, and inscribed upon a brass plate the history of the victory. After this was securely fastened the animal was set at liberty and it turned up 350 years afterwards, still having the plate recording the story!

The tortoise lives an astonishing time. Several specimens of the Indian variety are to be seen in the Zoological gardens of London even in confinement he has been known to

to be seen in the Zoological gardens of Lon-don promenading in their quiet fashion, though each is known to be over 200 years old. Two very antiquated tortoises reside

old. Two very antiquated tortoises reside near York, England, which were brought from Rochelle soon after the seige in 1628. of the Peterborough cathedral, contains some a red and yellow ribbon, the national colors astonishing details of a tortoise which dwelt in the palace garden over 200 years. The Order of the Golden Fleece is one of

residence there, but it died in 1753 through the neglect of the gardener.

Some of the birds live to a green old age also. Falcons and ravens themselves celebrate their golden weddings as they attain to a hundred years and more; pelicans and herons live fifty years; peacocks, twenty; hawks, thirty; geese, a hundred; nightingales, over ten; domestic fowls, ten years; and thrushes and other wood and field birds acquire from sight to rine while wrent do

RIPANS

TABULES

result from a combination of common sense and science. Doctors everywhere use thubarb and soda in treating digestive troubles-and most physical troubles are digestive. Each physician modifies the mixture more or less, but the main ingredients are always the same. & Grandmother didn't know anything about medicine, but she knew that "pie plant" was "healthy" and that soda settled the stomach, Ripans Tabules grew from a knowledge of these things. Rhubarb and sods are the base of their composition. R and S in the name stand for these | Bach of the other letters stands for another ingredient, the quantity of which is small Each one, however, plays an important part in relieving the body of the aggravated ills of indigestion. The remedy is as simple as if it came from your own garden and as effective as if a magician made it. It will cure sick people and keep well people well. It is a preventive and a cure; a medicine and a tonic. It will cure any headache that comes from the stonis ach-and most headaches do come from the stomach. It will cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia. It will put your body in such a clear, healthful condition that you will sleep restfully and get up in the morning with a clear head and a clean mouth—full of vigerous vitality for a day of pleasure or business Ripans Tabules are made of rhubarb, ipecac, perpermint, aloes, pub vomica and soda. There is on secret about them. Ask your doctor about these drugs, and he will tell you that each and coury one is necessary in his daily practice. Any doctor can give you a prescription just about as good as Ripans Tabules, but there isn't a druggist in the country who can put the prescription up as well as Ripans Tabi ules are put up He has not the facilities for as exact accuracy as is a feature of Ripans Tabules. He will put the prescription into powders, or into unswallowably big capsules, Ripans Tabules are of just the right size They are made of the highest grade drugs that money will buy, They are put up in little vials that will go into a vest pocket or chopping bag. The air-tight vial keeps them always fresh and preserves their efficiency,

> acquire from eight to nine, while wrens do not survive three years. The age to which a swan may live is differently estimated. Bacon said a hundred, and Goldsmith declared three hundred. Certainly, in 1672, a swan lived in Holland, in the town of Alkmar, wearing a collar dated 1572, and in Molleson's museum, England, there is a stuffed bird known to fame as the 'old swan of Dun," which died in 1823, aged

> > TWO LITTLE KNIGHTS.

Royal Youngsters Adorned with An-cient Titles. There are two knights of the ancient and illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece who

are under 10 years of age. One is the 9-

year-old king of Spain, while the other is the 8-year-old duke of Braganza, the crown prince of Portugal. It seems that the king of Spain is always grand master of the eight Spanish orders of the knighthood, the principal of which is that of the Golden Fleece, Toison de Oro, as they call it in Spanish.

Two years ago the baby king, with due

pomp and ceremony, presented the decora-tion of the order to his young cousin, the duke of Braganza. The decoration consists of the royal arms, in which are included, be-sides the arms of Castile, Leon, Grenada, and the lilles of the royal house of Bourbon, the arms of Austria, Sicily, Savoy and Brabant. and were personally acquainted, in all prob-ability, with Joan of Arc. A document called the Bishop's Barn, among the archives quam flamma micet. The order is worn on

cence of the Flemish court, that no European monarch could equal or approach it.

When the wife of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges she exclaimed, "There are hundreds here who have more the air of queens than myself."

ONE IS A DOSE.

A box containing six vials, each with 6 Tabules-

36 Tabules in all-costs 50 Cents, post-paid

to any address. Most all druggists sell them. Those who don't, ought to, Ripans,

Tabules are made by

CHEMICAL CO.,

TO SPRUCE STREET,

NEW YORK

RIPANS

Ships of every nation took in and discharged their cargoes at the quays; the ware-houses were filled with bales of wool from England and with silk from Persia, and the argosles of Genoa and Venice came laden with the produce of the east.

In founding an order, therefore, in this city, it seemed that a most suitable name was the classical one of the Golden Fleece, o suggest ve, too, as it is at chivalite valoro is The Argonautic fleet, as every boy and girl who has studied mythology knows, was made up of a band of heroes, commanded by Jason, who sailed in the good ship Argo from Thessaly to the farthest shore of the Black Sea in quest of the Golden Fleece, which was

there guarded by a dragoon in a grove sacred Many and great were the dangers encountered on the way, and valorous and brave were the deeds of the members of the ex-pedition before they finally reached the dragoon and Jason became master of the

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. Jimmie has been staying in the country all summer with his grandpa, who allows him to assist in all the labors of the farm, and Jimmie thinks that farm could not be run

without his valuable assistance. His mother does not appreciate his achievements in that line, and would prefer that he kept a little nearer the head of his class. One day she "Jimmle," why aren't you as smart as

Willie Brown? He can read splendidly and always knows his lessons." "Well," replied Jimmie, "may be he can

read pretty well, but he can't manage a farm

A certain minister in Louisville, Ky., is the father of a very bright youngster, who has the bicycle fever. The minister had occasion to leave the city a few days ago on a short trip and the first night after his departure lawyer. "What relation exists between you the little fellow was saying his prayers as and the lady referred to?" usual, and wound up without making any ref-

erence to his father. His mother softly stroked his curly head and asked: "You are not through, are you?" "Why, yes," answered the youngster; what else must I pray for?" "For your papa's safety," replied the mother. The youngster sprang from his knees in surprise and cried, "Why, mamma, I didn't know papa had a safety."

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REAU, 10 Spruce St., New York,

Teacher-You're late again this morning. Sammy. Sammy (8 years old)-Yes'm. My ma won't give me a bicycle, and it takes half an hour Teacher—Why, Sammy! 1 live several blocks farther than you, and 1 get here in ten minutes.

Sammy-Yes'm. But think of my short

"I was sorry, Willie," said his Sunday school teacher, "to see you keep your seat when the superintendent asked those who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Don't you want to go to heaven?" "Yes'm." "Then why didn't you rise?" "'Cos he didn't have no right to tel me to rise, ma'am," answered Willie." "He seit no real Carlel."

swered Willie. "He ain't no Angel Gabriel." "See what I have got," said Bobby, holding up a shining dime.
"Where did you get that?" asked his father "Made it out o' bottles," said Bobby, "They was a lot of dirty bottles full o' red stuff that you don't ever drink down cellar, and I got this for ten of 'em."

"Now, Mr. Fisk," began a St. Louis lawyer, who conducted the cross-examination, "is it not a fact that you harbor a female who goes by the name of Mrs. Fisk."

Yes, sir.

"Do you not support her?" "I do, sir."

"Is she your legal wife?"
"No, sir." Jurors scowled.
"You will admit that, although you have never been married to her, she lives with

"That is all. You may step down." The legal light looked victoriously at the

jury. "One moment, Mr. Fisk," said the opposing "She is my grandmother."